

Inhibition

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Time has progressed as the Life Fiber threat disappears and life can finally begin fresh and new. That being said, Mako and Ira have welcomed a new member to their family: their first child. Their little girl has a lot to look forward to, and Gamagoori has a crap ton of stress to deal with as he swears to protect her at all costs.

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It's begins at long last, the flood of request fanfics from Tumblr. It begins with hella cute Iramako of course!

Request from anon: *Gamagoori and Mako are having/have a kid and Gamagoori is trying to be a good daddy, and is a little overprotective. You can pick the gender and stuff.*

A bouncing baby girl. Gamagoori still had trouble believing that this cute, squishy little girl was his daughter. Born at 6 pounds, 11 ounces, little Miharu, meaning beautiful clear sky, was a surprisingly strong girl. Blonde hair, wide soft brown eyes, and a face that could make Gamagoori melt, she was the child he never expected. He was astonished when he found out Mako was pregnant, and hour upon hours upon days were spent preparing and learning what to do when their child was born. His worrying and fear evaporated with some help, from his mother, Mako, and Mako's mother, Sukuyo. When Miharu was born, he had trouble but it slowly got better. It also got funnier, seeing that their little miracle had some quirks. She was a wiggler, and by now Gamagoori was so fast at reacting when she somehow wiggled herself out of Mako's arms, or out of his, really out of anyone's arms, that he could react the moment she began teetering toward the edge. Gamagoori's life was now wrapped around his family, and more importantly around Miharu and Mako. And it was a handful out of control sometimes.

"Bottle, Ira!" he heard Mako shout from Miharu's room, followed by a quick cry from Miharu to confirm the urgency of feeding time. Gamagoori was in the room and handing her a filled bottle of formula before she could blink four times. She was so used to him doing that. It was clockwork now really, ever since he got used to making bottles and honing said craft to perfection. She quickly double checked the cleanliness of the nipple before giving Miharu the bottle. She cooed softly as she sucked away at her meal, enjoying Mako's attempts at

rocking her as she drank the formula down. Gamagoori played with a curly strand of Miharu's blonde hair as she sucked down her usual morning breakfast. She looked at him with wonder for a moment before closing her eyes and focusing on her bottle.

"Are you good for now Mako?" he asked, as he usually did. Mako gave an affirmative noise, shifting Miharu in her arms so the weight of her wasn't too much on her left arm anymore. She sat down slowly in the rocking chair behind her and finally adjusted Miharu so she was facing Ira again.

"I'm all right. A little tired but its okay. Miharu, stop kicking your feet! You silly, you don't want to fall do you?" Miharu giggled at her before continuing her morning breakfast. Mako sighed and petted her daughter's head.

"Do you want me to feed her?" Gamagoori asked. Mako shook her head, smiling from ear to ear.

"I have it this time. I'll need help however when Satsuki and Ryuuko come over today, remember? It's going to be Satsuki's first time seeing Miharu"

Now Gamagoori remembered. Satsuki and Ryuuko were going to come and visit. This would mark the first time Satsuki would see his child, and Ryuuko's fifth time. A first time visit, even by Satsuki, a woman he could trust, was a dangerous thing. There were preparations and rules, regulations and precautions...

"And Ira, please don't be overprotective again" Mako muttered as she took the now empty bottle from Miharu and burped her, resting her back in her arms and slowly rocking back and forth.

"What? Overprotective?! Never" Gamagoori stuttered. He knew he was being overprotective ninety percent of the time. He had no clue how to take care or look after a child; of course he was going to be overprotective to the nines. What was he going to do? Sit in the background as his child grew up in a toxic waste zone?

"I'm serious! The last time someone met her for the first time, you almost stabbed Sanageyama in the face when he was holding her with one arm"

"He could have dropped her! He was blatantly being ignorant and forgetting that he had her in only one arm!" Gamagoori argued back, "And Sanageyama's still recovering from gaining his sight back! Who knows what could have happened!"

"He knew what he was doing, you saw it and freaked out over nothing!"

Their fight was caught and killed when Miharuru yawned loudly, stretching out her tiny arms before settling into the crook of her mother's arm, falling asleep without another sound. Mako cooed softly, rocking her softly until she could feel her relax and fall into the soft embrace of sleep. Gamagoori softened up again. His child seemed to be an automatic calming device for him; well besides Mako who could always calm him, but that's beside the point. She was a calming device ever since she was conceived, if Gamagoori remembered back that many months.

"Can you put her in her crib Ira? I got to collect all the bottles so we don't have to buy more again" Mako asked softly, raising her arms up. Gamagoori gave a silent confirmation and gathered up his daughter in his arms. She seemed to be roused awake, but she simply did a fake out and settled once more with a smile on her face. Gamagoori's face, once caught by fear for his baby's safety, melted into a lax smile, void of any tightness. He made his way to Miharuru's crib, humming an incoherent string of notes as he went. It seemed to soothe Miharuru as she jumped back and forth in a fit of rest and actual sleep. She sunk deep into sleep as she was lowered without hassle into her crib and covered up to her chin, her favorite small star plushie set within her hands.

Mako was up collecting empty bottles as Gamagoori finished putting Miharuru to sleep. Mako smiled when Gamagoori turned around, hefting up the few bottles in her hands. He gave the sign to stay

quiet and she giggled in response. Mako opened the door with her foot and slipped out, chuckling about the blush across Gamagoori's face. He grumbled about it as he also walked out, quickly catching up to her as she set the bottles in the sink of their home. Gamagoori sneaked up behind her and caught her by the hips, taking her off the floor. She squealed as she was suspended in the air, laughing as she was set down softly, Gamagoori's lips finding her neck.

"Ira, stop it! That tickles" Mako giggled, pushing Gamagoori off of her. She turned around to face him, watching his face do funny things. "What's wrong?"

When Mako was met with silence and Gamagoori's head bowed down, she knew already what was wrong.

"You're worried for Miharuru"

"Yes. I have no clue how Satsuki could react about this. Last she heard about this, about us, was that it was rocky at best"

"It will be okay, Ira" Mako softly said, raising his head with a soft touch, "Just remember that you can't really stab Satsuki"

Ira gave a small chuckle. "You're right"

Mako kissed him. "I know. Now come on, we should get ready for our guests!"

"Mako, Ira! We're here!" Ryuuko called as she walked into the Gamagoori household. Satsuki hovered behind her patiently, not saying anything until they were inside and awaiting their hosts in the living room. She was impressed to find a steaming cup of tea awaiting her on the table beside the recliner, and gladly took the saucer and cup and sipped. A pleasant aroma, a balanced taste; the tea she knew and drank in her Academy days. Of course Ira would have her recipe after so long.

"Care to explain why I'm here again Ryuuko?" Satsuki asked, setting her tea down and looking toward her sister. Ryuuko shook her head.

"Nope. Mako and Ira have to"

"Ah! You're a little early you guys!"

The sisters turned around to find Mako jumping on the toes of her feat. Ryuuko shot up in time to catch Mako in her surprise hug, laughing like they had a few years ago. Mako then turned to Satsuki, but seemed conflicted on whether to hug Satsuki or not. When Satsuki opened her arms wide, Mako dove for the hug. She retreated quickly as the heavy footsteps of Ira echoed down the hall. Mako rocked on her feet, looking at Satsuki like she was about to freak. Satsuki looked over at Ryuuko for guidance on the situation, but all she got was a look toward the hallway, where Gamagoori was emerging.

With a bundled little infant in his arms.

Gamagoori noticed that he had caught Satsuki by surprise with his daughter. Miharu cried softly, opening her eyes sleepily, smiling widely when she saw that she was being held by her father. As he walked into the living room, he smiled down at his daughter.

"Ira and I wanted you to meet Miharu, Satsuki" Mako explained, "She's our daughter. Just a few months old"

"Miharu, huh?" Gamagoori took a seat on the couch, letting Mako take Miharu from him and toward Satsuki. Gamagoori kept his eyes on Satsuki, analyzing everything she did; body language, eye contact and movement, muscle movement, perspiration, everything. He still was uneasy on how she would react. He could see Mako look at him from the corner of her eye, catching on with his extreme observations.

"She's been hidden for while, for good reason. She has an *overprotective* father" Mako didn't need eyes in the back of her head

to see Gamagoori react. Satsuki looked at him with bemusement. She swiped away a stray hair on Miharuru's head as the infant was settled in her arms.

"I am not that overprotective!" Gamagoori defended. Mako sharply turned toward him, her shoulder-length hair tossing around her head.

"You've been analyzing and tracking Satsuki's every breath since she showed up and took Miharuru, am I correct Ira~"

Gamagoori flushed. "Y-yes, but-"

"You're trying too hard to be a good father Gamagoori" Satsuki stated point-blank, "Just do what you think is right. Don't try to keep her from the world like a collectible"

"I do not think of my daughter as some shelf collectible," Gamagoori told Satsuki, his expression turning dark, "I am simply protecting her"

"From what exactly? No one's going to hurt her" Satsuki replied, "You're just trying... a little too hard"

"Think back to when you tried to ask Mako out and almost started a fire in four different classrooms in Honnōji Academy!" Ryuuko added, "That's basically what's going on, except add in your adorable little baby"

Gamagoori gave an unamused look at Ryuuko; he didn't need to be reminded on his failure of asking Mako out several times. He's relived them enough. He sighed, however, knowing that they were right. He just couldn't shake his need to protect her. This was a little human. His little human. He was a first time parent! He couldn't simply just put down his protection mode and say 'now it's your time to protect yourself'. His father did that to him and his mother, he would not repeat what his father did. But he needed to learn to tone it down, for Miharuru and Mako's sake.

"I'll keep the over-protectiveness to a minimum to the best of my abilities"

Satsuki nodded, approving of his decision to try and change his ways. She looked down at the wiggling child in her arms, seeing Miharuru's eyes light up. She grabbed out for a piece of her hair, tangling it around her small fingers. She tugged down hard on it, pulling the hair almost out by its roots. Satsuki winced, grabbing the hair in the baby's fist and pulling it out slowly, tickling her stomach to help distract her hands. Miharuru giggled loudly, wiggling around wildly as Satsuki's fingers tickled everything out of her. Satsuki made sure she had a firm hold of her as she moved around, knowing that the burning sensation she felt was from Gamagoori staring at her as Miharuru put her to the test.

She held Miharuru close, whistling out a soft tune she had picked up from Ryuuko some time back. Miharuru was staring wide-eyed up at her, her wiggling stopping on cue. Mako appeared in Satsuki's peripheral vision, staring wide-eyed as Miharuru yawned and stretched, falling to sleep to the soft tune Satsuki whistled. Satsuki ended her song as Miharuru cuddled up to her chest.

"Where did you find that song and how do you sing it?" Mako and Gamagoori asked at the same time. Ryuuko laughed aloud, curling up as her laughter doubled. Satsuki smiled and looked down at Miharuru. Her little eyes were on Mako for a moment, who stood over Satsuki's shoulder. They then went to Satsuki. She gave a wide smile, showing off her toothless mouth.

"From Ryuuko. She picked it up somewhere while we were traveling, rebuilding RECOVS from the ground up" Satsuki told them, her hand tickling Miharuru's stomach again. The baby was loving the attention, belting out giggles and cries of enjoyment. Satsuki sensed Gamagoori relaxing as all calmed down and Miharuru stopped testing Satsuki. Ryuuko gave a whistle and called attention to her.

"You know... we have a few things for the little girl in the car that we picked up in our travels"

"Really?!" Mako asked excitedly. As Ryuuko tossed around her car keys and smirking with a knowing expression, the doorbell rang loud and clear. Miharū grew agitated, crying as the bell continued to hurt her ears. Satsuki quickly stood up and handed Miharū off to Gamagōori, who was on daddy red alert, trying to comfort and calm his ailing baby daughter. Mako held a look that was a mix between annoyance and determination. Mako strolled up to the front door and opened it, finally ending the constant ring of the doorbell.

"Please don't spam-ring the doorbell again" Mako scolded their surprise visitors, standing firm in the middle of the doorway with arms spread open. Everyone inside the Gamagōori residence was standing up and wondering who was being barred entrance. Miharū still cried as her ears most likely rang in irritation, but Gamagōori could tell that they had turned to crocodile tears; still he knew he could stop her wailing. He calmly grabbed her star plushie from her room and gave it to Miharū. Her cries softened and finally ceased as she got caught up in her toy.

Mako gave an exasperated sigh and finally moved to the side, letting in their visitor.

"Well come on in!"

"Thanks, slacker"

Ryuuko sank back into her spot on the couch, giving a half-scowl to Nonon as she walked in. Nonon had grown taller from her days during the Life Fiber incidents, her hair now kept down in soft waves. She still wore hats to keep her height high as possible. She shrugged off her pleated white jacket and set it on the back of the couch. Finally she noticed Satsuki sitting in one of the recliners, nursing a cup of tea.

"Satsuki! You're back from rebuilding REVOCS! Yes, the dog's sources were right! What are you doing in the toad's home?"

Mako walked by her with a smile, taking her place alongside Gamagoori as he shifted the hidden bundle that was Miharuru around in his arms. Satsuki set down her cup on its saucer and looked at Nonon with a mute smile.

"Visiting of course. Ryuuko took me here to visit a new member of our circle"

"New member?" Nonon asked. She followed Satsuki's new line of sight to Gamagoori and Mako and looked immediately at the bundle in his arms. Her eyes widened as she saw the unmistakable wave of a tiny hand from within the bundle.

"No way..."

As the disguise was peeled away and Miharuru was revealed to yet another person, Gamagoori felt more proud than protective at that moment. Watching Nonon's eyes light up and widen gave him a certain pleasure, a certain thrill. His parental pride hit the roof once more.

Maybe he could relax his protective shield around his daughter if he was getting such a response from everyone. If his daughter could stop people in awe, he should show them this little shiny baby.

He helped create this cute little person. He got the pleasure of knowing his daughter was the center of attention anytime she showed up. He should show her off more, let her see the world.

Because it looked that the world wanted to see her just as badly as she wanted to see the world.